OUR FATHERLESS ONES.

"Thou Art the Helper of the Fatherless."—Psalm 10:14.

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Timely Comment
:—on Topics of Interest in—:
Church and State

The holidays are a thing of the past. It is one long stretch of uninterrupted work now until summer vacation.

We are pleased to note that Rev. Dugald Munroe has returned to his work in the Cleveland-Woodleaf field after spending two months at Red Springs recuperating from recent illness.

The Men's Bible Class of the First Presbyterian Church, Gastonia, gave their pastor, Rev. J. H. Henderlite, a handsome Christmas present, it being a five passenger touring car.

—Rev. S. L. Cathey of Mt. Holly has been elected a regent to succeed Rev. W. R. Minter, D. D., who is no longer in this Syond but has gone to the Synod of Texas.

Rev. Dr. J. M. Grier, of Concord, beloved by a host of friends, was successfully operated upon in Baltimore, December 20, and is now on the road to recovery.

The Board of Health of New York City has passed a resolution making it lawful to sell and use horse meat for food. Therefore when you are in New York and call for tenderloin stake, you will be given a nice portion of old Maud, 30 years old, and never know the difference.

On January 1st, six states went dry, as follows: Colorado, Arkansas, South Carolina, Idaho, Washington and Iowa. Georgia will go dry May 1st, and Virginia Nov. 1st. The states already dry are Oregon, Arizonia, North Dakoto, Kansas, Oklahoma, Mississippi, Maine, North Carolina, West Virginia, Tennessee.

This year has 366 days in it, one more than last year. What are we going to do with this extra day? Let us all make up our minds now to give this extra day to the Orphanage. The work-day plan was so successful last Thanksgiving that we intend to make the practice permanent in North Carolina. It is a good thing and has the stamp of approval of all Christian people.

The Literary Digest recently conducted a canvass of all the Republican editors, senators and representatives to determine their choice of a man for President to run against Woodrow Wilson. Hon. Elihu Root was the first choice, and Justice Charles E. Hughes came second. There is so much available timber that it is difficult to point out the lucky man now.

The gift of Mr. G.W. Watts to the cause of Ministerial Relief, and the gift of Dr. James Sprunt and Mr. W.H. Sprunt to the Orphanage each show that the brethren are coming to the idea of giving during their life time rather than leaving at death. Many of God's stewards are rendering a good account of the wealth entrusted to their care, and greater blessings are in store for them.

The "Winter Short Course in Agriculture" for farmers offered by A. & M. College, West Raleigh will begin next Monday. The course is free, and there should be a large number of farmers in attendance. Farmer friends, you pay taxes for all these things, and it is up to you to get some returns from your money by attending and reaping a barvest of valuable information.

"Won't you take my seat?" said the man in the street car, as he lifed his hat to the pretty girl.

"No, thank you," she replied. "I've been skating all the afternoon and I'm tired of sitting down."—Puck.

The New Bern Sun voices one of our opinions when it favors reviving the whipping post. We are in favor of it for minor offenses, and the electric chair for capital crime, There is no other way to stay the impulse of criminal blood. It's an easy matter to pay a little fine. Aside from the disgrace, life in the penitentiary has no terrors. Let us go back to the old-time effective methods. The Sun says:

"Years ago lawmakers said that the whipping post was a symbol of barbarism and abolished it. In taking this action they deprived the country of one of the greatest crime preventatives it ever had and did mankind an injustive. The whipping post is, in a way, brutal, but if every town and city in North Carolina and every other state in the union had such within its borders, crime would be decreased at least fifty per cent. At present it is the custom to put a fine on a man charged with some minor offense. Not alone does he suffer but if the fine has to be paid by some relative, others must also suffer. With the whipping post in existence, about one trip to it would cure him of all inclination to break the law, whereas he is allowed to go his way upon the payment of a small sum, he again and again commits crime. Some of these days the whipping post is coming back into existence and it will be a great day when the lawmakers agree that it shall be lawful to chastise the law breakers for their misdeeds instead of placing a fine upon them or send them to jail."

Unworthy Church Officers.

Talking to the preachers of the North Carolina Conference at Wilmington, Bishop Kilgo went after the preachers who "put Godless laymen in the office of steward" and in other offices in the Church. The Church gains nothing by it, contended the bishop, and he is further quoted: "If ever a set of men build the gallows that hang themselves it is the preachers who nominate unconverted laymen for office to flatter them. Preachers are to blame for the unconverted laymen in office in the church, because the discipline gives them the power to nominate whom they will." Bishop Kilgo was of course talking of Methodist preachers when he said the preacher was responsible because he nominated the officers in his church. In some of the other denominations the church members elect the officers but the pastor, if he desires, as he usually does, can have much to do with naming the man. And so Dr. Kilgo was giving other preachers, as well as his own brethren, a deserved knock. Many preachers think more about the worldly prominence of members than their religion. Some of them make special efforts to get a man of some prominence, socially or otherwise, as a member of their congregation—as if his soul was of any more value than the soul of the humblest citizen—and have got him in they seek to flatter him by giving him post of honor. The fact that his life—his walk and conversation—may not be such as to fit him for leadership in the house of the Lord does not seem to count. Nothing the devil can possibly do so harms the cause of religion and the church as this sort of business; for nothing so discredits religion and so discredits an organization as for a man whose moral character—and moral character here means to be honest, pay debts and do your full duty as a citizen and to your fellowman—is not above reproach and whose claims to Christianity are viewed with contempt by all who know him well—nothing, we reiterate, can do more harm to religion than that.—Statesville Landmark.

Program on Our Orphanage
at Barium Springs, N. C.

1. Song 4 or 52 (Assembly Songs.)
2. Scripture—Deut. 14:28-29, 24:17-21, or Jas. 1:22-27, 2:14-26.
3. Prayer—For the 2400 orphan children in the State being cared for that they may be trained for service in the Master's vineyard. For the 5600 in the State who are still unprovided for—that the hearts of God's children may be touched with the great need of these dependent ones—that many private Christian homes may be opened to receive and train them—that Institutions providing for their care may be increased, and that the orphanages established may be materially enlarged.
4. Business—(If it is possible for a Society or Band to take the board of a child ($75.00 per year,) clothing ($35.00 per year,) or education ($15.00 per year) it could be brought up in the business, or at the close of the meeting.)
5. A short history of the Home.
6. The training of the children—
   a- Industrial
   b- Mental
   c- Spiritual
7. Work done by the Bands.
8. Conditions and needs of our Home.
9. Ways in which all can help.
10. Poem, "Who bids for the children?"
11. Close with sentence prayers. 1. Pray that strength and wisdom be given our Superintendent, the head of the Home, to carry on the great work entrusted to his care. 2. That the workers be given wisdom, patience and love to train the children aright. 3. That the Holy Spirit will so work on the hearts of the children that the good seed sown will spring up and bring forth fruit to the glory and honor of God. 4. That each member of the Society will be willing to do all in her power to help in caring for the children in our Home and will work for those who are still unprovided for.

—We are observing the week of prayer at the Orphanage.

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—Miss Agnes Estridge was here last week.

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—Miss Mary Cowan was a visitor here last week.

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—Mrs. Furr was a visitor during the holidays.

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—Mr. P. G. Edmiston of Mt. Ulla was here last Thursday visiting friends.

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—Our teachers returned Saturday, and school opened Monday.

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—Miss Pearl Brantley of Mt. Ulla is visiting her sister, Mrs. McLaughlin.

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—Mr. Frank Carriker of Lexington was one of our old boys with us during the holidays.

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—Miss Lula Adams and Mr. John Grier of Charlotte, sister and son of Mrs. Grier, were visitors during the holidays.

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—Miss Una L. Moore arrived last week to become matron at Round Knob, Miss Hallie Ray having given up the work.

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—Miss Grace Griffith of Charlotte, a member of last year's graduating class, was a visitor during the holidays.

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—The contributions in kind have been omitted thus far from Prospect and Back Creek churches. Each sent flour, potatoes, sausage, chickens, etc.

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—News is a little scarce just now. The women hereabouts have resolved not to gossip during this good leap year, and therefore will not talk for publication

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—Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Lowrance gave a big dinner last Thursday to their relatives and friends. Those present from Mooresville were: Misses Nell Ketchie, Lorene, Gertrude and Julia McNeely, Lois Campbell, Louise Patton, Mary Lowrance and Sarah Steele, Messrs. Frank and David Lowrance.

—The workmen on the heating plant have promised that the steam will be turned on the first of next week. There has been several unavoidable delays in the work.

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—In our last issue of this paper credit was given to Greensboro for the turkeys, whereas they came from Durham. The turkeys were shipped from Greensboro, but Durham furnished the funds, and this accounts for the error.

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—Rev. W. C. C. Foster, who has charge of our dairy, preached for us last Sunday afternoon, and gave us a splendid sermon on 'Love." Mr. Foster has a throat affection which prevents him from raising his voice. For this reason he is not in the active ministry.

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Christmas at the Orphanage.

Santa Claus was so good to our little people at Barium. He remembered every one and there are many hearts here grateful to Santa Claus.

Probably the happiest household on the place were the little Annie Louise girls. They had a Christmas tree, and when all the presents had been distributed the chatter of happy voices and running-away smiles presented a scene that was touching. Yes, Santa Claus was good to them.

Next in the matter of enjoyment came the Synods Cottage boys. They had a Christmas tree in their house too. The roar of horns, the beat of drums and the merry laughter from a score and a half of small boys too happy to control themselves was evidence a plenty that Santa Claus was good to the Synods Cottage boys.

Then, too, the Rumple Hall, Infirmary and Howard Cottage girls all had Christmas trees loaded with gifts to please the young ladies.

As for the Lees and Round Knob boys, the quickest way was too short and eager hands awaited what was coming their way.

The inmates of the county home were generously remembered by our children, who divided their good things with the unfortunate poor, thus sharing the pleasure of the occasion.

Grateful Acknowledgment.

There is no lack of interest felt and manifested on the part of our people in behalf of our orphans as is evidenced from the following facts of the condition of affairs at present.

Our Field Secreary has done efficient work, having visited Sunday schools and Societies in about 300 churches. She has also been in attendance on the different Presbyterials and Synodical. We feel that the following gratifying results are certainly due to her work in part:

Seventy four more Sunday schools contributed this year than last with an increase in gifts of $942.76.

Twenty-eight more Societies contributed, with an increase in contributions of over $600. In addition to this about 200 children are being clothed, over twenty of these having been taken during the past year.

The seven Presbyterials undertook this year to replenish all the dormitory buildings and supply the needs in the kitchen. Practically all these buildings have been furnished with the necessary household articles, and with the aid of the Salisbury Sunday school money is being raised for the baking oven, and other necessary equipment in the kitchen.

The individual contributions were over a thousand dollars larger this year than last.

The teachers and children have thoroughly enjoyed going into the nice new McNair school building, and the work of the school has gone forward in a most gratifying manner. The old school rooms are being used for dormitories. Already the number of children has been increased from 195 to 205, making a total increase of about 30 children during the present administration. When the old school rooms at Rumple Hall have been remodeled we think we will be able to provide for as many as 220 children.

The Thanksgiving offering this year was about twice as large as the previous year. There was a shortage in the Support Fund at the close of the past Synodical year, growing out of the fact in part that we had received ten more children and the material increase in the cost of supplies. This shortage has been more than overcome as the result of Thanksgiving returns. We go forward with the work in confident assurance that the people of our church will fully maintain the Institution.

The gifts in kind Thanksgiving and Christmas were large and useful and afforded our children no little pleasure. These two seasons have been fully enjoyed by them. In the language of William Green Hill they think "Santa Claus is the greatest man there is."

We desire to express our heart felt appreciation to the loyal supporters of the Home throughout the churches. We have every reason to feel that our cause is one that lies near to the hearts of God's children.

I thank you for the many causes for encouragement as I enter upon the work of the New Year, 1916. Trusting that a reflex blessing may be given to you, one and all, I am,

Yours most cordially,
W. T. Walker, Supt.

—Rev. Dr. Smith, an evangelist of the South Carolina Synod, was with us again on Sunday, December 26, and gave us one of the most forceful and appropriate sermons for young people we ever heard.

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What each Month Brings.

In January falls the snow.
In February cold winds blow,
In March peep out the early flowers,
In April fall the sunny showers,
In May the farmer mows his hay,
In June the roses bloom so gay,
In July hotly shines the sun,
In August harvest has begun.
September turns the green leaves brown,
October winds then blow them down.
November comes with all its cheer—
And then December ends the year.

Field Secretary Notes

The months of January and Febuary will be spent at the Orphanage in following up the field work by correspondence. Sundays will be spent in visiting churches in Concord Presbytery. If it is desired I will be glad to attend the meeting of any Society held in the week during these two month if notified in advance.

In this issue of the Fatherless Ones a program on the Orphanage is being printed. Leaflets on the subjects indicated will be printed and a program with literature will be sent every Society in the Synod.

Occasionally we have requests for literature, but the requests are not regular. Possibly one reason why so few Societies have gotten up programs on the Home is because they have not had suitable literature. An effort is being made to have such literature printed as can be used by both Societies and Bands, and in the Sunday Schools. Unless the suggested program and literature is used, our young people, as well as the older, will not be benefited by it. Where there is a Local Secretary for the Orphanage work, can we not depend on this Secretary, or the President of the Society where there is no Secretary, to use this literature in your church, thus stimulating to greater effort in behalf of the Home?

Most of the churches in Fayetteville Presbytery have been visited, and the remaining ones will be reached on Sundays as soon as the winter months have passed. This presbytery having been the field where our Superintendent formerly labored, and the home of the President of the Board of Regents, the way was [illegible] opened for presenting the Orphanage work. It was a great pleasure to labor in this Presbytery and visit among these good Scotch people. No lack of hospitality was shown in their home. The meetings were very well attended, especially on Sundays. Everywhere interest in the Orphanage work was manifested, and in some instances steps were taken to begin active work for the Home. In behalf of the Institution I wish to thank the people in this Presbytery for their kindness and hospitality, and to assure them the work was made pleasant by the interest which they manifested in it.

The Lapsley Band held its regular meeting Wednesday night, Dec. 29th. Thirty of the smallest girls in the Home met in the sitting room in Annie Louise cottage to talk about the work and children in Korea. In most of the Bands there are regular officers of the children who are under a worker who acts as leader, but the opening of the meeting they took part by singing and quoting parts of two Psalms. At the close of the meeting sentence prayers were called for and in these prayers they were requested to ask for a blessing on the children in Korea; on the workers who are trying to teach the children and on our Band that our little girls might be used to help send the knowledge of Jesus to these children. Quite a number of the children took part and in most cases did so unhesitatingly. The hearts of these little girls are very tender and responsive and the need of the heathen children appeals to them very strongly. They have been doing some good work this fall to make money to help in the Master's work and at the Christmas offering gave over $6.00, most of which they made throught their own efforts. Quite a number can make tatting now and some of them asked for tatting shuttles as Christmas presents. Recently they sent a box valued at $3.35 to Salisbury to be sold by the Miriams and the money for this has not yet come in. It would do your heart good to be present at one of the meetings of the Bands, and we hope you will avail yourself of this pleasure and privilege some time. We will let you hear from us again.

Our Fatherless Ones

REV. W. T. WALKER, Editor-in-chief.
JAS. P. GRAY, Editor.

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THURSDAY, JANUARY 6, 1916.

New Year.

Now a new year opens,
Now we newly turn
To the holy Saviour,
Lessons fresh to learn.

This is the holy lesson
On the year's first day;
Jesus by obedience
Teaches to obey.

Of Thy cross thus early,
Tokens Thou dost give,
By Thy wounds Thou healest;
By Thy death we live.

Not to suffer only,
Jesus, didst Thou come,
But to leave us way-marks
Pointing to our home.

In Thy blessed footsteps
Ever may we tread;
Safe when keeping near Thee,
By thy Spirit led.

—Sel.

• • • •

1916.

Nineteen hundred and fifteen is gone forever. The new year is upon us. What of it? To follow the rule in all things of "good will toward all men" can hardly be improved upon.

The Junior Order and the Red Men are contemplating the building of orphanages in the near future.

While this editor has had little faith in Henry Ford's Peace mission, yet we are in sympathy with the principle back of the [illegible] Mr. Ford is moved by a deep love for the suffering of men engaged in the awful war.

The unique feature of Salisbury's first community Christmas tree was the introduction of real camels from a circus wintering in the city, by which the "wise men from the East" were borne to the improvised scene of the birth of the Child Jesus.

Major W. A. Graham, Commissioner of Agriculture, announces that North Carolina farmers are enjoying the greatest prosperity ever known in North Carolina, and have made greater progress than any other state in the Union.

Col. Henry Ford, commanding the American peace army, found the atmosphere in Europe unhealthy and withdrew to America. However, he sent his troops to the front backed by $2,000,000. We had hoped that Mr. Ford would get the boys out of the trenches by Christmas.

Governor Craig inaugurated a good thing in allowing the "trusties" of the various prison camps in the State a three-days leave of absence during the Christmas holidays. So far as we could learn all of them returned for duty at the proper time.

Mr. George W. Watts of Durham, always busy at something worth while, has offered $68,000 to the Endowment Fund for Ministerial Relief provided the entire Southern Church raise twice that amount Rev. Dr. Henry Sweets, of Louisville, secretary of the board which has charge of the fund, announces that plans already made insure that the terms of Mr. Watts' gift would be met. With one exception, this is the largest gift ever made for superannutaed ministers of any denomination in the South.

Nineteen Hundred and Sixteen—What?

Another year lies buried. The work of 1915 whether well or badly done has ended. Our deeds, whether good or evil, are beyond recall. It is worth our while to ask ourselves in the beginning of this year what has the year just past meant to us? What events have taken place in our experience which have helped to shape our character or will influence our career? Or what have we done which will impress the world's life? What has the recording angel set down in the annals of the year of the things done in us, or the things done by us? What use have we made of our opportunities for the betterment of the world? What have the year's disciplines done for the improvement and the enrichment of our life, the building up and strengthening of our character and sweetening of our disposition? Life's circumstances and experiences are meant to be a school in which we may learn how to live. Fortunate are we if cheered by the memory of a well learned lesson and of duty faithfully performed. But if we have been weak and faithless and are haunted by the grim recollection of our mistakes and our sins, our regrets, our neglects and our sorrows—it is all the same. What has been done cannot now be undone. The good and bad are on record. We put it there ourselves. Fears cannot blot out the bad and vain regrets are worse than idle. Only let the past year impart a guiding lesson for the future, and its lessons we must learn quickly. This practical age does not tolerate vain regrets or silly tarring, or long reprieves for sentimental farewells. Having studied and learned its lessons we must turn from the grave of 1615 to greet the dawn and face the responsibilities of another year. What its struggles and its demands may be it is impossible to foretell, but if we may judge it by the years gone before, it is safe to say that, that person will emerge from it battle crowned with the greatest success who does the most work and does it in the best way, and who sticks always to the right. The amount of work we do will measure the success we will win, and to reach the goal we must follow the path of duty—follow it in the face of trial and temptation and with steps that never falter. From the wayside resting places that tempt us to their lethargic and deadly embraces, from the temptations that beset and blacken so many lives we must turn and into the thickest of the fight we must plunge if we would fight bravely and win worthily the great battles of the "New Year."

"Our lives should be like rivers broadening and deepening as they move on toward the great ocean. If we are learning nothing, if we are growing no wiser, no richer in thought and feeling, no lovelier in character, no more useful and helpful to others we have not yet learned how to live. New beauties of character should blossom out in each new year." We should remember, too, that we are not to pass this way again; therefore whatever kindness we would do to others we must do as we go along. Days come but once, and they are quickly gone, bearing forever the touch of beauty or marring which we put upon them as they go by. In conclusion, we need not make resolutions for the year. Years are made by days and come to us one day at a time—not a whole year of then at once, but one by one, them let us make our resolutions at the beginning of each day. We should be able to "resolve" and "to be good" one day. We should be able to carry our burden, endure our sorrow, and do our work, however hard, for just one day, and if for one day, why not for each succeeding day, so that when 1916 shall have taken its place along beside its predecessors our backward glance will reveal to us the fact that we have just lived the best year of our life.—D. C. Aldridge.

Dr. Jacobs having side-stepped the issue of preparedness and left the matter with this editor to settle, we shall proceed at once to dispose of the matter for all time. Dr. William Dewitt Hyde, president of Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Maine, expresses our position in the following words, and we give it as the final settlement of the doctrine of preparedness:

The conscience of the country demands such measures of preparedness as will defend us against aggression, fulfill our responsibilities to our neighbors, maintain our rights in treaties and contribute to the justice and peace of the world an influence commensurate with our numbers, our wealth and our intelligence. Less is folly; more is crime. There is room for wide difference of opinion between parties and between members of the same party as to what that measure is. But whoever attemps to make out of those differences political capital for himself or his party is a traitor to the country and an enemy of the human race.

We have received a letter from the Ford Peace headquarters which calls attention to the deliberate, concerted effort upon the part of many big newspapers of the country to cast odium upon the trip of Henry Ford to Europe in an effort for peace. It is pointed out in the letter that the purpose of the trip was merely to get the attention of the world, and to cause the people to begin to think of peace. In so far Henry Ford's effort is a success, not a failure. He did not expect to end the war at once.

North Carolina's blobby record seems to be growing instead of decreasing. One paper recorded three murders during the holidays. Human life is getting cheaper in North Carolina every day, and the fact that the electric chair is used so seldom may be responsible for the condition that exists.

Radiating Sunshine.

Probably no minister in this country ever enjoyed a larger share of the love and esteem of classes of people than the late Bishop Phillips Brooks, of Massachusetts. Miss Kate S. Gates writing in Christian Work, says there is a little story of Bishop Brooks to the effect that when, at the height of his influence as pastor of Trinity Church, in Boston, one of the morning papers printed an item saying.

"Yesterday opened cloudy and depressing, but, about noon, Phillips Brooks came down town, and everything cheered up."

That is the glory of living—to fill ones life with good, faithful work, and to keep oneself so strong and true and sweet that we cheer and help and brighten all with whom we come in contact.

"Just keep sweet and keep moving."

What a fine thing it would be if all of us could get in such an attitude towards each other as the Christmas comes, and make every effort to sustain such an attitude for all time.

"What's the matter with Kansas? That State will be out of debt January 1," remarks the Greensboro News. Must be something seriously the matter with any State, county or municipality that is out of debt in these days when bond issues are as common as the boll weevil. It does not necessarily mean that something wrong is the matter in Kansas if that State is out of debt; but it is a condition so unusual that an inveotigation should be profitable. A commision made up of representatives from other States, where debts grow larger rather than smaller, might gather profitable information for the less fortunate Commonwealths by looking into the Kansas method of doing business.--Statesville Landmark.

Gems of Thought
for Every Day Living.

THE THINKER.

Back of the beating hammer
By which the steel is wrought,
Back of the workshop's clamor
The seeker may find the Thought,
The Thought that is ever master
Of iron and steam and steel,
That rises above disaster
And tramples it under heel.

The drudge may fret and tinker
Or labor with dusty blows,
But back of him stands the Thinker
The clear-eyed man who knows;
For into each plow or sabre,
Each piece and part and whole,
Must go the brains of labor,
Which gives the work a soul.

Back of the motor's humming,
Back of the bells that sing,
Back of the hammer's drumming,
Back of the cranes that swing,
There is the eye which scans them
Watching through stress and strain,
There is the mind which plans them
Back of the brawn, the Brain.

Might of the roaring boiler
Force of the engine's thrust,
Strength of the sweating toiler,
Greatly in these we trust,
But back of them stands the Schemer,
The thinker who drives them through,
Back of the job—the dreamer
Who's making the dream come true.

—Selected.

"Truth is a moon reflected in many waters," says an eastern proverb.

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The best regulated home is that in which the discipline is the most perfect and yet where it is least felt.—Smiles.

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The little fellow was right when he said, "Tain't fair!' Teacher tells us to close our books, and then she opens hers.

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Take my yoke upon you, and learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls.—Matthew xi:29

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"God is not only a present help in time of trouble, but a great help in keeping out of trouble."

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A smile will carry me more successfully through the coming year than a frown. Besides, its more becoming.

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Blessed are the happiness makers! Blessed are they that remove friction, that make the course of life smooth and the intercourse of men gentle.—Beecher.

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Man is improvable. Some people think he is only a machine, and that the only difference between a man and a mill is the one is carried by blood and the other by water.—Sel.

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A statesman ought always to imagine Justice with the poor at her feet, for justice was only invented for the poor.—Balzac.

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How many who have deemed themselves antagonists will smile hereafter when they look back upon the world's harvest field, and perceive that in unconscious brotherhood they were helping to bind the selfsame sheaf.—Hawthorne.

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Far preferable is an avowed enemy to a deceitful friend. The honest foe is a better man than a double-faced associate. "The Roman spear did not hurt Jesus so much as the kiss of Judas"

• • • •

"I am sick and tired of border Christians," said Mr. Moody with fervor almost amounting to vehemence. And he added: "I wish they would stay in the world unless they will come clean out." Are you a border Christian?—Ex.

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The Massachusetts Child And The North Carolina Child.

The lady president of the Teachers' Assembly, Miss Mary Owen Graham of Charlotte, pointed out that Massachusetts $25 is allowed each child, in the educational expenditure, whereas in the southern states the amount ranges from $3 to 10.

In 1912 there were enrolled in the common schools of Massachusetts a litte more than 70 per cent of the school population; in North Carolina nearly 72 per cent. The percentage of enrollment in average attendance was 83 in Massachusetts and in North Carlina 63. The cost per capita of average attendance in Massachusetts was $48.13; in North Carolina, $11 36; and for this the Massachusetts child got 186 school days and the North Carolina child 109 days.

The Massachusetts child is not worth that much more, nor any more, than the North Carolina child.—Greensboro News.

Davidson College

Davidson, N. C.

Davidson is a Presbyterian College. Its standard is high and its work thorough. If you have a son to send to college you will make no mistake to send him to Davidson. If you are a Presbyterian it is an additional reason for patronizing this college.

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To the Presbyterian Orphans' Home, Barium Springs, North Carolina:

"I give, devise and bequeath to the Regents of the Orphans' Home of the Presbyterian Church of the State of North Carolina, the following: * * *"

The will should be properly executed with two witnesses.

Rainbows Bereft of Hope.

When hope leaves the rainbows the color goes out from the bands of cheer, and a dark path is marked across leaden skies. It is a sad day when the daughters of music lay aside their double pipes of peace and joy, when the spectre shadows slip from point to point along the terrifying pathway of living. But why indulge figures of speech that lead to a distressing imagery? If one is to enter the halls of imagery, let him do so expecting to see there the arching rainbows above the throne of truth.

How the bow of promise gleams in the sun as it spans the sky with the seven prismatic rays. It bends to the earth to touch the wide horizons, because where hope comes in contact with the earth spring to vitality the vision of youth.

Does hope ever leave the rainbows? Does it pass from the skies of life? It were to be wished that it did not. But of a truth the rainbow seems often to mingle with the moisture from which it is created, and to pass in the steady drip of vapor to soil below. For a rainbow is nothing at all; it is but refracted light. Is it heresy to say that hope is nothing at all, that it is but the refractions of ideas from things that form the associations of the mind and that make up the images of the mental view? Yet the things that are not often put to naught the things that are. All sentiment is intangible, all inspiration is immaterial, and anticipation is plastic enough to fit in any mold. Why, then, deride the rainbows of youth, why deride the sources of hope in any life? For these are as influential to convey optimism and energy as is the electric coil to produce the factors of force and of light.

It is a fine thing that life contains so many experiences that do not submit to the scalped of reason. It is a fine thing that art has been evolved from processes, often irrational, that involve pigment and light. It is a fine thing that the lines of beauty wrought out by the sculptor are often lines that could not be made to conform with fixed geometrical patterns. It is a fine thing that the tendrils of plants wave and toss in spiral disregard of the accepted principles of the curve. It is a fine thing that fixity of form and fixity of range are not uncompromising demands upon every-day life.

Hope is vagrant; it is tenuous; it is far-reaching, and full of color. What a description is this for all that is best in life! To be vagrant is to be free, to be untrammeled. Yet to be under the law of obligation is a necessity laid upon the free spirit to preserve it from license. To be tenuous, to have long and delicious continuity in thought and word and deed is the very logic of life, seeking ever a true conclusion. To be full of tints and hues, to be bolotul, this is to have the adornment of life. Such material for life's experiences means enrichment, companionability, vitality.

And hope comprehends all this, and much more, as it abides in the rainbows. No one has ever successfully pictured or sculptured an image or form for hope. For, after all, hope is formless and substanceless; it is the melody of life. Let hope live, let it abide in the rainbows! Pitiful, indeed, is a person from whose life the rainbow has departed. Mockers at rainbows there will ever be, and hope will awaken deridings. Yet the most inspiring and substantial pledges for lire are those which come in the dreams of youth, when the rainbow spans the enduring skies with its fleeting scheme of colors.

Snobbishness.

"But, my dear Doctor Brown," exclaimed Mrs. de Puyster, "however excellent these people may be, you don't mean that I ought to treat them as my social equals?"

"And why not?" asked the rector. To the lady his voice did not seem so sympathetic as usual.

"Well, really," she returned, a little embarrassed, "it seems obvious that they are different."

"The differences you speak of are mostly petty, silly, and wicked distinctions without real significance. What clothes a man wears, who his father and mother were, what opportunity for schooling he had or was denied—do these things give any intimation of the man's essential worth or value?

"The other day, at a fashionable summer resort, I sat watching the crowd bathing. Among them three men were conspicuous. It was a pleasure to see their broad shoulders, their deep chests, their splendid limbs. Finally they left the water and disappeared into one of the bathhouses. Presently they reappeared in overalls! They were workmen building a house near by. To most of those who saw them, their physical superiority had vanished under their working clothes.

"Some day," continued the doctor, "we shall all lay aside our clothes and our bodies as well. Some who on earth seemed very impressive with their fine clothes and their attractive faces and bodies will then look pitifully shriveled and shrunken.

"If you could look into the servant's hall of some great castle and see the butler refusing to associate with the stableman, and the cook holding herself superior to the chambermaids, it would seem to you utterly silly and ludicrous for people to make such ridiculous distinctions! But are they more absurd than we who make the same kind of distinctions among our fellows?"

Mrs. de Puyster smiled. "I suppose we are absurd," she said.

"If we were only absurd it wouldn't matter so much," returned the doctor. "But it is not simply ludicrous. Snobbery isn't a minor fault or a venial error. It's one of the great sins. If I'm a snob, it's because in my heart I despise my fellow men, and have set myself up as their superior. I have repudiated the very heart of the message of Christ. I have cut myself off from the common humanity with which Christ proudly identified Himself. 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me,' means that Christ actually lives in humble humankind. For me to be a snob means that I have cut myself off from humble humankind—and consequently from Christ Himself! That is a serious thing!"

Mrs. de Puyster no longer smiled. "It is a serious thing. It's an awful thing!" she cried. "God be merciful to me a snob." —Youth's Companion.

"The hours should be rescued from idleness which murders time in cold blood; from vanity which murders time by suffocating pleasures; from distraction, which murders time drawing it with ease; from excessive devotion to business which murders time by overdriving its powers. Let not a day fall into the hands of these bandits of time!"

• • • •

"Not standing still, for that would signify inactivity; not running, for that might imply overactivity and we could not hold out always; but walking, an evidence of life, a deliberate act, the exercise of power a speed that can be held, a worthy destination ahead, a means of advance toward it, a thing for all to do."

Gifts.

Raleigh, three boxes.

Mrs. T. M. Sharpe, Aberdeen, three boxes of hose.

Ladies Aid Society, Waxhaw, one box of gifts.

Laurinburg, one box of cakes.

Mrs. A. H. Kestler, Morganton, one box of clothing.

Ladies Aid Society, St. Pauls, six sheets, two quilts.

Durham first church, one box of gifts.

Miss Effie L. Vines, one barrel of gifts.

Mooresville, one box pickles.

Mr. M. L. Efland, Efland, N. C. one bag of potatoes.

Hickory, one box of cakes, apples, oranges.

Red Springs, one box, one quilt.

Back Creek church, three quilts, gingham.

Winston, one bunch of bananas.

Ladies Aid Society, Bethany church, Wilmington Presbytery, one box of gifts for Round Knob.

The 19 turkeys were from Durham first church instead of Greensboro first church.

Miss Annie McDougald's Sunday School class, Laurinburg, one crate of oranges.

Burlington Sunday School, one box.

Nutbush church, two barrels canned fruit.

Mr. and Mrs. William Peterson, one box canned fruit.

Madison, one box.

Willing Workers, Burlington, one box.

Mr. E. B. Janett, Cliffside, one box, one boys suit.

Mrs. S. W. Bradley and daughter, Gastonia one box of gifts.

Willing Workers, Marshville, one box, and one crate of oranges.

Gastonia, one box canned fruit, jelly and preserves.

Charlotte, one crate of oranges.

Beulah church, one quilt.

Ladies Circle, Church of Covenant, two boxes.

Wilson Sunday School, one box of toys and oranges.

Lumberton, one box of candy.

Pittsboro Sunday School, one box of toys.

Chadbourn Sunday School, two boxes of gifts.

Mocksvillle, one box of fruit, cakes, etc.

Concord, four crates of oranges.

Mr. P. R. Albright, Greensboro, one crate of oranges.

Henderson, one crate of oranges.

Statesville, three bunches of bananas.

Mrs. H. W. Scott, Graham, one cake.

Chadbourn, one barrel of oranges.

Wilmington, one box of toys and gloves.

St. Andrews Sunday School, two boxes of toys, books, etc.

Mrs. W. P. Oldhom, one crate oranges.

Mr. W. J. Roach, one box gifts.

Ladies Society, High Point, cranberries, sugar.

The well-planned Life.

We cannot do everything, but we can do something; and to that something we should bring not only our energy, but also of our wisdom And not only should we have a life plan and purpose, but let this express itself in the planning for each day. We seldom do what we do not definately plan. And so let the morning light bring home the query, What shall I do today in line with the purpose God has in my life? And when the day is done, in the gathering shadows let this query rise, Have I done what I planned this morning or adapted the plan to the exigencies of the day so as to do even more than I thought? You remember the poet says:

"Count that day lost whose low descending sun Views from thy hand no worthy action done."
Biblical Recorder.

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Sermons In Swamps, Oysters And Mosquitoes.

No, it isn't hard to brighten up your life if you try to see beauty in the commonplace things. I fancy there's very little that couldn't seem beautiful, if you pick out the best points and ignore the disagreeable ones. There isn't a swamp that hasn't some beautiful flowers growing in it, and there are mighty few unpainted weather-stained barns that haven't got a swallow or two keeping house under the eaves. If you open up the dullest gray oyster you may find a pearl in it, and if you look at a buzzing biting mosquito in the right kind of a light you will see what gauzy, chiffony things its wings are.—Christian Herald.

The Humorous Side of Life.

Mr. Tompkins was obliged to stop over night at a small country hotel. He was shown to his room by the one boy the place afforded, a colored lad.

"I am glad there's a rope here in case of fire," commented Mr. Tompkins, as he surveyed the room, "but what's the idea of putting a Bible in the room in such a prominent place?"

"Dat am intended foh use, sah," replied the boy, "in case de fire am too far advanced foh yo' to make yo' escape, sah." —Ex.

The latest thing in contribution baskets is said to have been invented by an Oklahoma man, and should be used in every church, as it would swell the amount taken up threefold in a little while. This is the way it works: If a person drops a quarter or more in a box, there is silence; if he drops a dime in, a bell rings; a nickel sounds a whistle, and a penny fires a blank cartridge. If one pretends to be asleep when the box passes, it awakens him with a watchman's rattle, and a kodak takes his picture.

"It can be Done."

"Patience and perseverance will accomplish all things," was a favorite saying of an old miller.

He made this remark on the train one day on the way to market, when a pompous individual in the corner turned to him and said:

"Nonsense sir. I can tell you a great many things which neither patience nor perseverance can accomplish."

"Perhaps you can," said the miller, "but I have never yet found one thing."

"Well, then, I'll tell you one. Will patience and perseverance ever enable you to carry water in a sieve?"

"Certainly."

"I would like to know how?"

"Simply by waiting patiently for the water to freeze."

"I heard today that your son was an undertaker. I thought you told me that he was a physician."

"Not at all."

"I don't like to contradict, but I am positive you did say so."

"You misunderstood me, I'm sure. I said he followed the medical profession.—Tit-Bits.

There Now.

"I'd go to the end of the world for you, girlie."

"Go as far as you like, but don't bother to buy a return ticket.—Ex.

Fortunes of War.

First Recruit—"What do you think of the Major, Bill?"

Second Recruit—" 'E's a changeable kind o' bloke. I ast night I says to 'im "Ooo goes there?' An' he says, 'Friend!' an' today 'e 'ardly knows me." —Punch.

Last Resort.

A Scotch minister in need of funds thus conveyed his intentions to his congregation:

"Weel, friends, the kirk is urgently in need of siller as we have failed to get money honestly we will see what a bazaar can do for us."—Tit-Bits.

The Value of Time.

It is not a little noticeable that God measures out time to us with a less lavish hand than probably anything else. An abundant and varied animal and vegetable life around us; infinite stores of knowledge in the books of nature and of men; vast oceans and plains and mountains; the spacious atmosphere enveloping us and the immeasurable heavens above us; these and countless other things show that Jehovah extends to man a bountiful and loving hand. Yet when time is given us, how much is granted? Our threescore and ten in one solid lump? Nay, verily. As much then as a year, or month, or week, or day? Not even these; not so much as an hour, or a minute! Only the tinniest speck is given us at once; in fact, time is allotted us by briefest moments. Back of us an eternity unbegun and ahead of us an eternity unending; and yet we are given a bare needle-point of the immediate present upon which to stand.—Ex.

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"The Best Water in the World." John R. Pharr, Charlotte, N. C.
"A week at the Lodge made me feel like a new man." Rev. C. A. Munroe, D.D., Hickory, N.C.
"I talk for both the water and the Lodge. The most wonderful water I ever drank or heard of." A.C. Miller, Shelby, N. C.
"The cure of J. C. Kennedy's Eczema astonished me." Rev. C. M. Richards, D. D. Davidson N. C.
"A week at the Lodge and spring did me more good than a month spent at other resorts." John B. Ross, Charlotte, N. C.

Send two dollars for ten gallons and if it fails to benefit your money will be returned on receipt of the demijohns.

Write for Booklet.

Barium Springs Company

Barium Springs, : : N. C.

Short Stories for the Boys and Girls

The Dog Without Friends.

Have you feasted to-day, old fellow?
Had a sniff of some meat or a bone?
Were you gen'rously fed upon gravy and bread
By some one who called you his own?
Your ribs, sir, how plainly they're showing!
Your legs seem uncertain and weak;
Have you searched every street for a morsel to eat?
Are you just a town dog, sir? Speak!
Has any one patted your head, sir?
Or noticed your great sunken eye?
Have your unkempt ears heard a kind, gentle word
From some human friend passing by?
Or have they all kicked you aside, sir?
Why, you're trembling now, where you stand!
Have they struck you so much that you quake at my touch
And cower at sight of my hand?
It's a pretty hard world, old fellow!
A struggle for bread or a bone,
And some of us know how you feel when you go
To your bed in the alley alone!
Were you sleek and well cared for and handsome,
They would feed you and love you on sight;
But it's different, sir, with a poor, luckless cur—
A dog without friends—there, good night.—Ex.

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New Year Resolution.

To be enthusiastic in work and study.
To be obedient.
To read a great deal.
To help other people.
To be kind.
To be honest in everything.
To always be truthful.
To make others happy.
To be a good loser.
Not to get angry easily.
Not to postpone things.
To do our best in everything.
To be good.
To be better than we were last year.
To try to get a good education.
To try again if we fail at first.
To be interested in things.
Not to complain.
To help people before they ask us.
To look pleasant.
To be always ladies and gentlemen.
Not to hurt people's feelings.
To be generous.
To be cheerful.
Not to be envious.—Sel.

Boy W[illegible]—the Left Hand Road.

I want to give you, my young friends, the gist of a sermon about a boy who went the left hand road when he should have gone the right hand road.

Willie Brown left his home to go to school. He kissed his mother and baby sister on leaving and promised his mother he would be good that day.

Some distance from Willie's home the road to the school, but before arriving at these forks, Willie hesitated, for he had heard some boys say, that by going the left hand road it would lead him to an orchard owned by Mr. Black, a farmer, where he could eat all he wanted and fill his pockets. Over against the temptation was something saying to him, "Remember your promise to your mother as it always pays to do right and this morning go the right hand road to school." Willie struggled for several minutes, Satan was tempting him to do wrong, and he decided to take the left hand road. Presently he came to the orchard. Sure enough there were fine apples hanging on the trees, so Willie looking around saw no one and climbed the tree.

As he was gathering the apples, eating and filling his pockets, the farmer's dog spied him in the tree and hurried there and before Willie knew what had happened, the dog was under the tree barking and scratching at him. Willie knew not what to do, for he was afraid to come down and the dog would not go away. Finally Mr. Black hearing the dog barking, went to see what was the matter and there he saw Willie in the tree, stealing his apples. Mr. Black got the dog quiet and told the boy to come down and took Willie to his mother and told where he found him. Just imagine the anguish of Willie's mother—

Now, what road should Willie have taken that morning? The right hand road of course. Yes, in doing so he would have saved himself much sorrow and not have cause her poor mother such pain. Remember, when we do wrong, we commit sin, and think no one sees us. Don't forget, First, that "Thou God seest me." God saw Willie when he hesitated at the fork of the road.

Second, Willie found out before he enjoyed the apples, that his sin found him out.

Christmas in Bethlehem.

How many persons who delight in honoring and making glad the Christmas holiday know how this universal festival is kept in Bethlehem, the city of all others most closely connected with the day and the event which is commemorated? The Bethlehem of our day is an unattractive city of not more than 8,000 people; the streets being too narrow for vehicles, and generally, is to be regretted, too dirty for pedestrians, unless they are to the manner born. Only camels, donkeys and foot passengers traverse the narrow alleys, for the streets are not more than lanes.

The town is about five miles from Jerusalem, due south; connecting the two places is a superbly built and well kept road, over which travelers are tranported at a furious speed in the quaint and sometimes dilapidated nondescript vehicles by the drivers, who do not inspire one with confidence either as to their moral qualification as Jehus. They get there, all right, but without much regard for the nerves of timid passengers.

Of course the town itself does not bear a very close resemblance to the village or hamlet of the time of Christ, it is larger and a little more substantially built, but the building boom" has never yet reached there, and modern conveniences are still nineteen hundred years behind the provision for comfort and health of today. That great building, the Church of Nativity, and an inconsiderable number of the smaller buildings are since the day of Christ's birth, but a large majority of the buildings of the town doubtless stood there at that time, without change of any kind. And the natives move about or sit at their doors in very much the same kind of costumes. Indeed, one might easily believe they were the identical clothes, innocent of "dry-cleaning" processes, or any other, for the matter of that.

At Christmas every one turns out to visit the "Field of the Shepherds," a mile distant from the Church, which is reputed to be the place where the shepherds tended their flocks. At the church a procession forms in the large square, composed of bishops, priests and the people, each man and official dressed in their most gorgeous robes; Turkish soldiers line both sides of the route, to keep the rabble in some semblance of order and decorum.

The Latin patriarch of Jerusalem arrives at the appointed time and is met by the dignitaries of the procession, carrying banners and huge lighted candles, and all enter the church through the main gate; this is so narrow and low that one person only can pass through at a time; and he must stoop in doing so. The reason for this is explained by the fact that the Mohammedans at one time were so meddlesome and annoying to the Christians, even riding into church on horseback, when the entrance was of more generous proportions, so that they were compelled to make the entrance smaller, as they are to-day.

The interior of the structure presents a very ancient appearance, some of it dating back to the days of Constantine. In the Latin Chapel of St. Catherine services are held all night and the patriarch of Jerusalem says mass at midnight; the chapel is filled by a throng of people during the exercises, either sitting upon the stone floor or standing in a reverent attitude. The services being over. the procession reforms and proceeds to the Nativity, underneath the church.

This was originally a simple natural cave in a limestone rock; now marble slabs cover the walls and floors; from the ceiling, some ten or twelve feet high, are suspended thirty-two brass lamps. Of course, the original manger which formed the birth nest of the Saviour was not preserved. Many religious pictures, of most inferior artistic merit, are hung upon the walls, depicting, in some cases, scenes in the life of Christ—in others they are portraits of saints. At the extreme end of this cave is a small alcove, hung about with fifteen lamps. On the floor of this alcove a bright silver star is set in, which is greatly worn by the endless kissing it receives.—New York Observer.

"Be sure your sins will find you out."

Let us resolve, that we will do right and go right, and then all will be well.

Evangelists Reports.

Rev. A. W. Crawford, the superintendent of Synodical Home Missions, reported to the committee the following summary of work done for the Synod's year: 121 sermons and addresses; nine meetings of Presbytery attended; two protracted meetings held, in which fourteen united with the church and $92.50 was contributed, to the Synod's Home Mission work; 5,445 letters and written statements, and 3,000 printed statements mailed without clerical assistance; 6,000 miles traveled in the State in visiting the mission fields and the Presbyteries and in making addresses.

Rev. William Black made the following report of work done inside the bounds of the State for the Synodical year: 260 services in twenty different places, including sixteen series of meetings; 860 professions of faith; 290 additions to the Presbyterian church; 130 persons promised to establish family worship; 2,500 persons promised to read the Bible and pray daily; $1,164 raised for Synod's Home Missions and $1,500 for congregational and other purposes. Programs prepared for three Elders' and Deacons' Institutes on Evangelism, and one of these institutes conducted, in which some one hundred persons pledges themselves to engage in personal service for the winning of souls. The evangelist was absent from the Synod about two months, during which time he conducted several meetings in other States, receiving no compensation for this time from the Synod.

Rev. O. G. Jones made the following report for the Synodical year: 691 professions of faith; 264 additions to the Presbyterian church; two churches organized; five Christain Endeavor Societies organized; $616 raised for the Synod's Home Missions; $205 raised for other purposes.

A. W. C.

The Personal Touch.

A lady, writing in a paper which recently fell into our hands, after quoting from an address to university students, in which the expression, "Everything is better for being mixed with brains," says that every service rendered is the finer, the more efficient, if it has in it a personal touch. There is such a need of personal service, she continues, a giving of self, in every walk of life—right here at home, at my next door, across the street, around the corner—in fact on every hand. And none of us can escape it. We must follow in Jesus' steps, and give of ourselves, even in the humblest tasks.

Up among the mountains of North Carolina, it is related, stands a log house, not more pretentious than its fellows. It is the home of a noble Christian woman, who, in widowed sorrow, sought health among these mountains. She found it, and something more—a task for her hands and an ambition for her heart. All about her were the little cabins of the mountain folk, lacking even the common necessities and decencies of life. She set herself to show them, by that most telling method, a Christian example, how they might make their homes comfortable and keep their bodies healthy. They hated the word "missionary," thinking that it ranked them with the heathen, so she just called herself their "neighbor," content

"To live in a house by the side
of the road,
And be a friend to man."

Being a woman of fine mind and keen intellect, she inaugurated many uplifting enterprises, such as a mission school, an industrial exchange, a place where the sick could be nursed under her watchful eye and skilful hand. As valuable as these innovations were to these mountain people, they were, perhaps, less so than the personal presence of a loving, Christian woman, who did not need to ask the old question, Who is my neighbor? for she had long since found the answer in the silence of the mountains, and among the simple folk with whom she dwelt.

In the city of Boston lives a clergyman, so endowed with this world's goods that he ranks as a millionaire. He not only gives liberally of his material wealth to the cause of the poor, but has built a church in the slums, and has himself taken up his abode there, that he might the better understand the crosses and trials of his people, that he might know and feel as they know and felt, and so be able to preach the Christ to them as they could best understand. This is a generous giving of self—a "bearing of one another's burdens, and fulfilling the law of Christ."

A dear old lady, bereft of her husband, felt no longer any interest in her surroundings. She was utterly miserable, wretched, and wished to die. She was persuaded by her good pastor to help some one, and then another, and another; until gradually she became fascinated with her service to her fellows, and gave herself heartily to the work, sparing herself nor her wealth, and, thereby, has become one of the happiest lives imaginable.

It is the spirit of personal service, personal contact, that is to prove the most potent factor in bringing people into a closer brotherly relation, and, ultimately, to Christ and the Master's teachings.

It is such service as this—personal touch and contact—that gives to Christmas its truest and happiest interpretation.

Degree for Mr. Sprunt.

From the Wilmington Morning Star of June 3rd. 1915.

The degree of Doctor of Laws (LL.D.) will be easily worn by Mr. James Sprunt as an honor conferred yesterday by the University of North Carolina. The announcement that such an honorary degree has been conferred upon one of the leading citizens of Wiimington and of North Carolina by the University of the State is made from Chapel Hill in this morning's Star, and certainly Wilmington will feel honored quite as much as will her greatly esteemed and honored citizen. It will extremely gratify Wilmington that the State's leading educational institution and one of the greatest in the South has singled out Mr. Sprunt for an honorary degree to which he is eminently entitled.

To speak of Dr. Sprunt where he is so well known would be supererogation, hence it is sufficient to say only that the degree of LL.D. has come to him because he has merited it as the University has fully recognized. His scholarly attainments and his achievements in letters marked him for this signal attention from the State's highest seat of learning, but Wiimington feels as if it is more to be congratulated than its already most honored citizen.

Mr. Sprunt's contributions to the literature of the State are notable, and their chief value lies in the fact that he has chronicled history of the greatest value to present and future generations. No historical sketches we ever read are more delightful in diction and so entertaining in narrative than those with which Dr. Sprunt has enriched North Carolina bibliology.

• • • •

"So you think a college education is a good thing for a boy?"

"Yes, I think its a pretty good thing. Fits him for something in life. If he can't catch on with a baseball team, he can often land a job as a professor."—Louisville Couries-Journal.

Friends.

"Who cares for the burden, the night and the rain.
And the steep, long, lonesome road?
When at last through the darkness a light shines plain,
When a voice call hail, and a friend draws rein
With an arm for the stubborn load?

"Though his way lies over the prairies green,
And mine up the sunrise hill,
Though no more in my path may his light be seen,
And I never may travel the leagues between,
His succor aids me still.

"For life is the chance of a friend or two
The side the journey's goal,
Though the world be a desert the long night through,
Yet the gay flowers bloom and the sky grow blue
When a soul salutes a soul."

—Selected.

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No. 34—10:10 a. m.—For Raleigh and Weldon and all local points.

No. 20—5:05 p. m.—For Wilmington sleeping car, passengers can stay in all night at Wilmington. This train connects at Hamlet for Savannah, Jacksonville and all points south and north.

No. 16—7:50 p. m —Arrive Washington 7:10 a m. N. Y. 12:52 p.m. connecting at Monroe for Atlanta and all points west and southwest, also connects at Monroe with fast train for Norfolk, Richmond, Washington and New York, through vestibule coaches. Pullman electric lighted sleeping cars to New York, dining cars Richmond to New York

West Bound

No. 15 -9:30 a. m.—Local for Rutherfordton, connecting at Bostic with C. C. & O. for all points on that line to Johnson City, Tenn.

No. 31—3:25 p. m.—Local for Rutherfordton from Raleigh, connecting at Lincolnton with C. & N. W. for points on that line.

For further information call 'phone 180, City office, 32 W. Trade St.

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